





TONES ON THE HARP:

BY

CHARLES CASHEL CONNOLLY.



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P R E F A C E .

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THE AUTHOR.



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TONES ON THE HARP.



LAY OF THE WINDS.

'TIS sombrous Night! the last in Autumn. Hark!
The winds are out! List! list to what they say!

I.

'Tis a dreary night!
We have journeyed far, without moon or star,
Since we left Daylight,
In a dreary plight,
In his dusky ear, in the west afar.

How reigns Night—black Night!
How her murky trail,
Drenched with chilly rain, shroudeth sea and main!
Let us rest awhile, ere we further toil,
This desolate night.

Lo! here is a light! and some sorry wight
Inditing his will,
Or poor fellow's bill.
Let's tap on his pane, and sing him a strain,
Then wing it again.

II.

In a forest lorn,
All shriveled and shorn,
Where the trees stood stark in their naked bark—
Yes, stood in the dark in their naked bark,
All ragged and torn,

We saw, as we passed, in a cavern vast,
On a mossy bed,
Poor old Autumn dead,

With brown fallen leaves, and some withered sheaves,
Supporting her head.

'Neath her mildewed crown
Were her tresses brown, in braids falling down,
In negligent fold,
Like a mourning veil, o'er her brow so pale,
And her bosom cold.

In her hand's repose, one lone autumn rose
Lay slowly fading
In the pervading
Density of gloom of that silent tomb,
Oblivion waiting;

While a lornful wren,
On an ivy stem, chirped a requiem;
And a glow-worm's spark lit the sullen dark
With a friendly gleam,
Every now and then.

III.

As along we sped, o'er a mountain's head,
We tarried awhile with a robber vile,
And shrieked through a hole—
“Give back what you stole,
And redeem thy soul!”

When he, with a bang, woke up all his gang;
Then quoth he, “A ghost,
I'll swear by a host,
Is behind this post,
At that rather small round hole in the wall!

“And I'll bet a mark,
Or tusk of a shark,
'Tis that pious lark, old Benjamin Ark,
The minister's clerk,
We stripped in the park, last night, in the dark!

“He died, I am told, of a dreadful cold—
Yes, died in the dark,
Last night, in the park,

That stingy old lark, fat Benjamin Ark,
The minister's clerk."

IV.

We paused on the moor,
Where a peasant poor
Sat watching her child, as it died and smiled,
And swept with our wings the Æolian strings
At the cottage door.

Ah! 'twas sad to hear that pale mother dear
Sob sadly aloud,
With her head low bowed,
As close to her breast her wan babe she pressed,
In its pallid shroud;

And sad to behold the father enfold,
In silent embrace,
Pale mother and child, with an anguish wild,
While his changing face
Of a struggle told;

And the quiv'ring lip, though he did not weep,
Told of sorrow deep
In the strong man's heart ;
And the fitful start
And the drooping head, that he inward bled.

V.

We next, at a door, where a miser hoar
Sat counting his store of all potent ore,
Knocked : we knocked right hard—
'T was bolted and barred—
We shook till it jarred,

And puffed, and prattled, and lisped, and tattled,
Through chinks that rattled,
Then chuckled outright; when he, in affright,
Extinguished his mite
Of dim glaring light,

And hustled his gold in a wallet old
With his nervous hand, his lean, hungry hand ;

Aud it to his heart,
His poor, dwarfish heart,
Hugged close, with a start ;

While his ghoulish eyes, his bleary, famished eyes,
Cast a greedy glare round his dwelling bare,
Through the startled dust,
All dense with the must
Of fulsome old rust.

VI.

Then along we past
To a castle vast,
And swung in great state on its massive gate,
And snapped our free wing at its mighty king,
Then whistled a blast ;

When, big in a pout, all burly and stout,
The porter popped out
From his cosy bed,
With a night-cap red on his grizzly head,
And leered all about.

Then forth came the whole, ('t was a mighty roll
Of flesh, his body,)
In a rolling gait, with protruding pate,
Like a round "dody,"
Still eyeing the gate.

"Well, well," muttered he,
"I vow I can't see, for the life of me,
A soul at the gate ;
'Tis most strange to me what people could be
Knocking here so late.

"If robbers," quoth he, "or rebels ye be,
I would, as a friend, advise ye extend,
With a lively pace,
Considerable space
'Tween ye and this place."

This much gravely said,
We whisked from his head his old night-cap red,
And hung it up high
On the topmost branch of a walnut stanch
That flourished hard by.

Then, close to his ear, gave a rebel cheer,
And tweaked his old nose—
His ponderous nose—
Full red as a rose,
And shuffled a jig on his grizzly wig.

He was a droll sight,
And laughable quite,
That lusty old wight,
As, blinking, he stood, in a puzzled mood,
His mouth rude in shape, wide open agape ;

One hand on his head,
And one on his paunch,
His eye on the branch of the walnut stanch,
Where his night-cap red
Hung bobbing around, thirty feet from the ground.

VII.

On, still on, we sped, many leagues ahead,
Over hill and plain,
Through the pelting rain ;

When, weary of flight, we rested in sight
Of an ancient fane.

'T was a queer old heap—'t was oblong in shape,
All rugged and brown, and looked like a frown
On the hill it crowned,
Or a spacious mound
Where the shrouded sleep.

As nearer we drew,
Some mystery new
Attracted our view ;
And, pausing, we gazed, with wonder amazed,
When we reached the base of that ancient place ;

For there we beheld the graves that still held
The dust of many ;
Some marked with head-stones, and others cross-bones ;
A few had tomb-stones,
And some hadn't any.

One epitaph read, "*Here lies low the head
Of one Jerry Brown,*

*Who made a mistake—take heed for his sake,
Each shortsighted clown
Hot haste in his wake!"*

One grave newly made 'neath a hemlock's shade,
Which grew on the grade
Of a barren knoll—
Where a raven croaked, wriggled, winked, and croaked,
On a human skull—

Had a black grave-stone, full smooth as a hone,
On which was graven,
In large, round letters—dark blood-red letters,
Deep sunk in the stone,
Black as the raven—

*"Here, prone 'neath the sod,
Lies a loathsome clod :
Fame, fame was its creed : it failed to succeed,
When it cursed its God,
And smothered its soul in fumes of charcoal!"*

And two had these words
On their pine head-boards,
(They were white-pine boards,)
Deep set in the ground of that barren mound—
“*They gambled for fame, but they lost the game!*”

And one, all alone by a long shin-bone,
Had a square of tin
(’Twas coffee-pot tin)
At its lowly head, upon which we read,
“*A break down—caved in!*”

And some had, in verse,
Just this couplet terse :
“*Essayed to go it, but could not come it!*”

While Time, all perverse,
With his wing crased that on many traced.

To us this seemed strange, for in all the wide range
Of our roamings far, beneath sun or star,
We never *had* had,
On tomb of the dead,
Such epitaphs read.

Just here we observed, what luckily served
To solve the mystery shrouding the history
Of the dead that lay
In the silent clay
Round this cemet'ry :

'Twas these words full plain, on a bull's-eye pane,
Dingy and simple,
Right over the door, the dark-looking door,
Of the ancient fane :
“ *This is Flame's Temple.*”

Ah ! this, then, thought we, must certainly be
That much vaunted goal,
That glorious goal,
Full many a soul,
With ambition rife, struggles for through life,

By the midnight lamp,
In palace and camp,
Cot and dungeon damp,
Forgetting its God in its longings mad,
To inhale a breath all pregnant with death.

Then close we advanced, and cautiously glanced
In the door full seant, hung open aslant,
 Denoting much use,
 Or, maybe, abuse,
 For one hinge was loose.

 Not a soul was there,
Save the doughty dame, the donor of fame,
 Thrown back with an air,
 In her easy chair,
Calmly reposing, and soundly snoring.

Thought we, now's the time to see the sublime;
So right in we slid, like a patent lid,
 Without fuss or sound,
 In that fane profound,
 And, hovering round,

Set us to noting some things worth quoting,
Concerning the dead, th' illustrious dead.
 And foremost of all,
 On the dark and tall,
 Dusky, cobwebbed wall,

Hung huge battle blades of several grades,
And quaint invention,
With this inscription
Plain written with gore, (it was human gore,)
“*All for Ambition!*”

And scattered all o'er
The black, dusty floor,
Was many a score
Of scrolls stupendous with thoughts compendious,
Traced by sages hoar in the confined yore.

And many volumes, with lengthy columns
Of prose, rhyme, and verse, some profuse, some terse,
On dear joys deterred,
And bright hopes deferred,
In long years interred.

And many vast charts
Of land and of sea, and planets that be
In earth's canopy,
Labeled, “*Journeyed here for many a year,
Until they broke their hearts!*”

With statues and globes, philosophers' tubs,
Quaint Parisian robes,
Scales of bound'ries,
Paintings and leather, huddled together,
Labeled, "*Some Sundries.*"

Here our attention
Was drawn with tension
To the word invention,
On a nutmeg box containing two clocks,
Two patented clocks, with skeleton works.

'Twas labeled "*Bogus,*" which rather got us,
And set us thinking, roguishly thinking—
'Twas a Yankee game
Bamboozled the dame
For a sprig of fame.

Our vision was next on a case transfixed
In wondering trance,
Where a skeleton brown, all polished and brown,
By the heels hung down
From a doctor's lance.

We looked overhead,
And there we soon read,
(Three times over, read,)

In an oblong space o'er the doctor's lance,
In the dove-tailed case, the rabbited case,

Where the skeleton brown,
All polished and brown, hung dangling down,
'Thout flesh or leader—
The word "*Physician*," o'er this inscription :
"*Potent grave feeder !*"

We next, on a shelf, 'mong crockery and delf,
Saw a decanter,
Full to the stopper,
Of what, we can't tell, but had a strong smell
Of "Pat's eye-water."

And, strange for belief,
On that very shelf,
'Mong crockery and delf,
Next the decanter, was Tam O'Shanter,
With hair all shaggy, on his tailless Maggie.

Right on a level,
(Beneath Tam's level,) Lay Thomas Hood's "Shirt"—no, sir, but his sheet—
That same one hauled in by Small-Pica Flynn,
The printer's devil.

While right along side ('twas the other side
Of the decanter)
The paunch we desieried
Of old Jack Falstaff, ensconced in fine calf,
With the Wives of Windsor.

And stranger still, sir,
Hung on a gimlet, a patent gimlet,
Was the Dane Hamlet;—
You're mistaken, sir—
Never a Hamlet, but a queer tablet,

With this inscription,
Rough written with ink—'twas indelible ink—
Black, green, blue and pink—
*"My own Library, to keep me merry,
And help digestion."*

By this you'll agree, 'tis most plain to see,
That the deughty dame, the donor of fame,
Takes kindly to laughing,
And jovial quaffing,
Instead of sighing.

While thus observing,
And deeply musing on thoughts amusing
Of ambitious lore,
And mortal weakness assuming greatness
On this earthy shore,

We noiselessly came where the drowsy dame
Breathed a vast repose through her spacious nose ;
Her mouth it was dumb,
But her nose did hum
With a racket, some.

She was a gay lass, in negligent dress,
All ruddy and fat,
And the top of her nose, her bottle-shaped nose,
A tinge of the rose
Had truthfully caught.

Her mouth was a sight—
'Twas a great take in ;
The hair on her head was a deep-dyed red ;
Her eyebrows were white
As the wen on her chin, and freckled her skin.

Here the dame made a move we did not approve :
Her arm with a swing she slapped on our wing
With a gusty souse,
Which caused us to sing
“Yah, nix cum arouse!”

And turn, twirl, and twist,
And swell to a gust,
And scoop up the dust,
And toss it aloft on an old cockloft,
Where the Wandering Jew bunked with Roderick Dhu.

We now, with a dash,
And a ringing crash,
Which told of a smash,
Pitched the nutmeg box, with its tickless clocks,
In an iron pot;—'t was Adam's old pot,

That same one which cooked
His pristine porrage,
When he fell rebuked,
After beardless Sin, with a boyish grin,
Brought mortal knowledge from the Devil's College.

Then casting a glance at the dame askance,
We edged for the entrance,
With motion askew,
And paused on the threshold to see and behold
What she'd say and do.

When bolt up she sat in her quivering fat,
And curried her eye (she had but one eye)
With her "soggy" fist,
And smothered a sigh
In her panting breast.

"Pooh! pooh!" sputtered she,
"It appears to me
There really must be
A tremendous dust,—the lungs in my chest
Seem to fume and seethe, I can scarcely breathe.

“I wonder what noise, what racket, that was ;
I reckon ’tis but some dolt with a strut,
Or lank-faced hobble,
With toil bent double,
Come for a bauble.

“If so, let him wait. Halloo! take a seat
Outside of the door, where many before
Have waited their fate!”
She ceased ; and a snore
Soon told of her state.

VIII.

Our pathway led next two high hills betwixt,
Through a village small,
Where one bare steeple
Stood lonely and tall, the glory of all
The pious people.

All was hushed and still,
Save a dog that sat

On a barn-door sill, expressing his will
 To a bob-tailed cat
Coiled up on a shed, high over his head ;

And further along, may be a furlong
Outside of the ville, so silent and still,
 A house stood alone,
 In shape like a cone,
 And built up of stone.

 We paused at the door
 A minute or more,
And, listening, heard not a single word,
But something like that to the purr of a cat,
 Or maybe a snore.

Quoth we, let us see if entrance there be,
At front or behind—which way we don't mind—
 To this odd dwelling.
 Within we may find
 Something worth telling.

Then looking around,
We very soon found,
Eight feet from the ground,
A window quite small, deep set in the wall,
Where a broken pane, to keep out the rain,
Was stuffed with a stocking, a long-legged stocking,
A blue one at that—
Now wasn't that flat,
And woefully shocking,
In this generation o' civilization?

The stocking shoved in, we next followed in,
And lit in the centre
Of a feather bed, fastidiously spread
On a quaint bedstead,
An old time-tester.

The first thing we found,
On gazing around,
In silence profound,
With scrutiny keen, as well might have been,
Was an old gray cat, which quietly sat

On a dainty mat of curious plat,
By an old arm ehair, that was stuffed with hair,
 With just here and there
 A flaw and a tear,
 To tell of its wear.

In this old arm chair slept a maiden spare,
 And Time with his frost
Had sprinkled her hair ; she might have been fair,
 But that had long past
 With the things that were.

Round her eyes and nose, in gloomy repose,
Were lines like to those people call "crow's toes ;"
 And her lips, tucked in
 'Tween her nose and chin,
 Were sallow and thin.

Her stiff arms hung down close to her starched gown,
 Making it plain to see
That she ne'er fondled, nor proudly dandled,
 A babe on her knee,
 With a mother's glee.

For mothers will rest
With their dear arms pressed,
All lovingly pressed,
On their bosoms fond, in a dreamy bond,
Though the loved one lie cold 'neath the silent mould.

Ah ! 'tis sweet to gaze on the joy that plays
In a mother's smile, when fond dreams beguile,
And the lost ones dear
Seem still dwelling here
On this earthly sphere.

The next thing our ken
Beheld was a green
Parrot, on a swing, her head 'neath her wing,
Bobbing to and fro, neither fast nor slow,
But the two between.

On a round table, that stood next the gable,
We noticed some meat—
A chunk of fat pork—one knife, and one fork,
One cup, and one plate,
Two pickles, one beet.

Doughnuts a dozen—

There might have been two—and a caddy blue,

Lettered “ *Young Hyson*,”

Stood by its cousin,

A small teapot, much the color of soot.

Here the maid grew restless,

Woke, or partly so, twisted to and fro,

And scratched her elbow,

Rubbed her chin, and squeezed her nostrils and sneezed,

Then became listless ;

Then wriggled anon, winced awry, and spun

Around in her chair,

And then clutched and elung, and twisted and flung,

And frizzled and wrung

Her thin faded hair ;

While her lips grew white as a death-bed sheet,

Then a faintish blue,

Then red as a beet,

Then lisped and mumbled, puckered and fumbled,

With motion askew,

As if some vision,
Some dreadful vision,
Of the night-mare kind, encompassed her mind,
And came in collision
With the pivot where swung her voluble tongue.

Then, in a hurry, pregnant with flurry,
Right up on her feet
Straightway she started, and round the room darted
Like a winged fury
Full "two-forty" fleet ;

When we to her side in pity did glide,
And lustily cried
"Hallo ! hallo, there !"
When wide open flew her eyes rather blue,
With a wrathful stare.

Here the old gray cat sprung clear off the mat,
Her eyes flashing fire,
Her teeth gritting ire,
Her back in a curve, distended each nerve
Taught and tough as wire ;

Her thin ears tucked back,
Each hair as a tack
Erect on her back,
Her sides deep panting, her tail wide flaunting,
Loud in her throttle the growl of battle.

While the parrot sang, in a nasal twang,
With her mimic tongue,
“Miss Dorothy’s young !
Miss Dorothy’s young !
Bad liar ! liar ! murder ! murder ! fire !”

Now the maid grew calm,
And rubbing her nose, her long, pointed nose,
With her fleshless palm,
And scratching her heels with the long sharp nails
Of her crooked toes,

Thus spake : “ Me ! ah, me !
It’s quite too bad what a dream I’ve had ;
And I’m downright glad
My mind is now free
Of that vile vision, that awful vision.

“Methought a monster, a horrid monster,
Of the masculine brood, by my side there stood,
With arms extending,
And body bending,
Towards me tending.

“His face was quite bare, save his lip, and there
Was a tuft of hair
Like a rabbit’s tail,
All smeared, like the trail of a filthy snail,
With the froth of ale.

“My white hand he grasped, my small waist he clasped,
Then smiling, he said : ‘My beautiful maid,
Let us taste the bliss,
The ambrosial bliss,
Of affection’s kiss.’

“His head then bending, straightway intending
To sully the tips of my virgin lips,
While his eyes ablaze
With a burning haze,
Did upon me gaze.

“Wretch! wretch! man! I cried—avaunt! quit my side!

I detest you all,

Fat, lean, great, and small,

Medium, short, and tall,

Old, young, dark, and light; away! leave my sight!

“Then, struggling, I broke from the loathsome yoke

Of his fond embrace,

And running apace,

Till somebody spoke, when wide I awoke—

Thus ended the case.”

IX.

On, still on we past, with a lusty blast

Now sweeping the plain,

Now skimming the main,

There twisting the waves, the wild, heaving waves,

In a foamy chain,

And tossing the bark,

The shivering bark,

On the billows dark,
And dashing the spray from her pathless way
In vast hazy clouds on her wailing shrouds.

And we softly told a brave seaman old,
Whose thin locks were gray as the ocean's spray,
That his dear wife died
Since he left her side,
And the old man cried.

And we glad news told a young seaman bold,
Of his fair young bride, and his eye looked pride,
And he breathed a prayer
That heaven would care
For his Mary dear.

And we scooped a grave
In a rolling wave,
For a seaman brave,
Who fell from the mast as we shoreward past,
And the sad news bore to his home on shore.

X.

Once again on land, our broad wings expand,
 Shaking shriveled trees,
 Heaping faded leaves
 On the tombless graves
Of the humble dead, as along we sped.

Then, weary of toil, we tarried awhile
At a cot which stood by a tiny flood,
 That rippled along,
 With a mellow song,
 Hills and dales among,

From the granite dome of its mountain home,
 To the throbbing sea,
 Limpid, wild, and free,
 I' sweet monotony—
A lovely poem in creation's tome.

'Twas a cosy cot,
And had pitched its lot
On a lovely spot

'Neath an aged tree—'t was an old oak tree—
And a loving vine round its door did twine,

And it looked right sad, for its leaves all had
Fallen in the tomb of the summer's bloom,
And some rose leaves lay,
In a deep decay,
On the threshold gray.

While observing this, a noise like a hiss
We heard in the cot;—thought we, what's that?
There's something amiss
In the cot, we guess;
Let's see what's the muss.

The door stood open, which gave sure token,
That some wily chap
Had been sparking late, some gentle inmate
Who dreaded the clap
Of a door shut tight;

When the old folks deem
That she's snug in bed, with her dear young head

Filled up with some dream,
Some innocent dream
Of virgin or saint—just the time it ain't.

So right in we stept, and noiselessly erept
To a half closed door,
When again that sound, that same hiss like sound,
Which we heard before,
Outside of the door,

Came plump, with a bound, all lusty and round,
Through the half closed door,
Where somebody slept,
We knew by the snore ;
When straight in we peeped, and there, snugly heaped,

Lay an old man and wife,
A sleeping for life,
And dreaming, no doubt, of bright days gone out,
When Youth on his fife
Played love in their hearts, and sped Cupid's darts.

For they low stuttered, and hugged, and sputtered
Such flabby nonsense,
As beardless lovers—some call them “lubbers”—
Are likely to mince
In the first instance.

While noting their bliss, a loud fizzing kiss
The old man just placed,
In blundering haste,
And very bad taste,
On the full grown nose of his drowsy spouse.

And this was the noise, that same hiss like noise,
We heard when outside,
And took for a muss;
There was naught amiss, and red-checked bliss
Seemed there to abide.

As we turned to go, there came soft and low
A sound like a sigh
From a room hard by,
When right short we stopped, and in the room popped,
Where we did espy,

In a curtained bed, the lovely young head
Of a lass asleep ;
And we raised the hair, the glossy brown hair,
From her forehead fair,
With a gentle sweep ;

And lingered awhile,
Just a little while,
Observing the smile, the bewitching smile,
That hovered the while
On the red, red tips of her pouting lips.

Yes, and you kissed her, I'll lay a wager !

What ! we—we kiss her !

Oh, you vile sinner !

We kiss her !—no, sir—we never—never

Thought of kissing her !

And now, sorry wight, we'll leave you to-night ;

And maybe again,

Some other dark night,

We'll tap on your pane, and sing you a strain.

We go ! we go ! Good night !

AT LEISURE.

YONDER, where the ivy-hooded tower
A dim, twilight, lessening shadow flings
Across the ruined and deserted bower,
And the hoarse raven shakes her midnight wings—

There will I stray, and on some mound recline,
To watch pale eve, low in the fading west,
Her trust of earth to brown hair'd Night resign,
And drop to sleep upon her ample breast.

Lo! Night reigns! How fair in every feature,
From her cerulean couch, the Pride of Night!
Young Luna smiles upon tranquil Nature,
And waking stars wink their soft eyes of light.

Behold the old ivy-hooded tower,
 Wrapt in hazy glory, and glistening
Beneath a noiseless, downfalling shower
 Of dew-drops, bright as diamonds sparkling.

Each drooping leaf, spray, and flower is still,
 Save when, from the mild zephyr's wooing kiss,
They bow their sinless heads with bashful skill,
 And silent tremble with a holy bliss.

Each sobbing streamlet and each purling brook
 Mirrors the open planetary tome
In their spotless crystalline hearts, and look
 Like fair, silver-clasped ringlets as they roam

Softly along their autumn-braided banks,
 Girdling, and caressing, and kissing
Each old moss-clad veteran rock which flanks
 Their pebbled course in all its meandering.

SPRING.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

YOUNG buds are springing
From mould in the vale;
Streamlets are singing
Through meadow and dale;
And the proud forests nod
Their leaf-plumed heads
To the flowering beds
On their mother sod.
Friend of my heart, why sad?
'Tis Winter no more—
Cold Winter is o'er—
Friend of my heart, be glad!

Soft winds are flying
On balm-laden wing;

Glad birds are singing
 Their lyric of Spring ;
And white cloudlets lie
 Cradled at rest
 In the blue bending west,
In the mellow sky.
Friend of my heart, why sad?
 Cold Winter is fled,
 Old Winter is dead—
Friend of my heart, be glad !

SING ME A SONG.

SING me a song, a low, sad song, love,
And let thy accents tremble,
And the tone of thy voice resemble
The all mournful cadence, love,
Of the winds at twilight grieving,
Of the winds lornfully wailing,
In a cypress forest, love !

Sing me a song, a low, sad song, love,
Of youth who low reposes,
'Neath a mound of faded roses,
In the arms of the past, love ;
For my heart is lonely beating,
For my heart is sadly thinking
Of boyhood passed away, love !

Sing me a song, a low, sad song, love,
Of those who fondly loved us,
Of the friends who walked beside us,
Looking joy, hand in hand, love,
In life's budding, blushing bower,
In life's sunny morning hour,
That will dawn nevermore, love!

CROSSING THE FORD.

YES, here the stream is clearest,
Lean on my bosom, dearest,
Now step firmly, fairest,
On that ancient rock nearest
The glad wave.

Nay, tremble not for me, love,
For by that sweet cooing dove,
On yon leafy tree above,
Making Nature's tender love
To its mate,

I will brave the torrent cold,
With all cautious step, yet bold,
While I tenderly infold
Thy most chaste and precious mould
To my heart.

A T S E A .

WHEN wintry blast sweeps chill and fast
Creation o'er,
And drives each "mast" on ocean cast
From shore to shore,

God save the "tar" who from afar
Looks to his land,
And becks Hope's star from drifting spar
With trembling hand.

His bride may stand by the wild strand
With pallid cheek
And outstretched hand with pressure bland
To clasp his neck.

Oh! hear her cries, thou God allwise
And merciful;

To her sad eyes the big tears rise—

Ah ! how mournful !

Go, lisp, oh, wind ! with accents kind,

In his sad ear,

These words, destined to cheer his mind

And banish fear :

“ God heard thy bride when loud she cried

To Him in prayer,

To save her pride—her husband tried—

Long loved and dear !

“ And bade us waft that white-winged craft

Skimming o’er the sea,

One league abaft thy wave-lapped raft,

To succor thee !”

TO ELREEN.

I murmur not at fate's decree,
That we shall never meet again ;
Far, far between bounds the blue sea,
And mountain vast and desert plain !

There was a time, to think of this
My soul would faint upon each thought ;
But now it seems a kind of bliss,
With pain and pleasure strangely fraught.

Since thou hast fled that sacred vow,
Long plighted before high heaven ;—
Great God ! that thought is woe ! oh, how
Canst thou hope to be forgiven ?

Farewell ! ah, me ! yet sad the voice
That speaks within my blighted heart ;
But let it be—'t is done—thy choice
Is made—we dwell, for aye, apart !

I will not mar thy dream of rest
With sighs or words of perish'd love ;
Let time, array'd in sorrow's vest,
And ruder tongues than mine, reprove.

A FRAGMENT.

I stood, as stands the pilgrim stranger
Of another clime ; unknown I stood
Within Columbia's Capitol.

I saw her populace, as billows
On a turbid ocean, flow in ; each
Brow with purpose bent, and pale with keen
Intent.

Anon the multitude hushed
To silence were, and listening hung.
Each eye deep burning and intently
Fixed, looked on the forum of the free,
Where sat convened th' representatives
Of Columbia's stars.

Then rose the voice
Of States, and the issue seemed not for
The welfare of the Federal bond,
But of section, party, and color.

And there was discord and contention,
And Freedom stood "a house divided
Against itself."

The North, firm as the rock
Her Pilgrims blessed of yore, calmly stood
And pale; and strife, with cloudy front, sat
Heavy on her knitted brow, and taunts
Were on her lip.

The South, proud mother
Of Liberty's anointed chieftain,
Mother of Presidents and a long
Line of heroes, first in war and first
In eloquence, shook her dusky locks,
While her eye, hot as her burning suns,
Flashed back defiance. And 'mid the jar
Of jostled argument, and the clash
Of angry eloquence, and the croak
Of "*ism*," husky with the jaded
Strife of party, big with corruption,
And rotten to the core, I heard, loud
Toned above the din tumultuous, the tongue
Of Treason and Disunion !

There was
A pause, a dreadful pause, nor motion
Save the quiver of pale, parted lips,
And the gleam of teeth hard shut, and the flash
Of eyes indignant ; nor sound save like
The hiss of breakers on a rugged
Shore hard breathing spoke existence.

Then, with a start, the people, as a forest
Pressed by might of tempest, a moment
Swayed and bent, and with an impulse grand,
As of one mighty heart, the vast cry
Of "*Shame! Statesmen! Shame!*" rose awful,
And shook Columbia's Capitol !

BLUE-EYED MARY.

'Twas in Spring-time, joyous Spring-time,

I first met sweet blue-eyed Mary,

On the banks of fair Potomac.

Blithe was she, the lovely Mary ;

On her cheek a rosy dimple,

In her hand a floweret fair ;

With the fragrant winds of twilight,

Rippling free the chesnut hair

Of the winning blue-eyed Mary !

'Twas in Summer, hopeful Summer,

I first wooed sweet blue-eyed Mary,

On the banks of fair Potomac.

Shy was she, the modest Mary ;

On her cheek a bashful crimson,

Her little hand caressed in mine,

Falling low her chesnut ringlets ;
 Heard my heart a faltering "Thine,"
From the lips of blue-eyed Mary !

'Twas in Autumn, happy Autumn,
 I first wed sweet blue-eyed Mary,
On the banks of fair Potomac.

 Dear was she, my loving Mary ;
On her lip a smiling whisper,
 On her cheek a summer glory,
In her eye a beam of love-light,
 Told my heart a happy story
Of my own, my blue-eyed Mary !

'Twas in Winter, joyless Winter,
 I first wept my blue-eyed Mary,
On the banks of fair Potomac.

 Pale was she, my dying Mary ;
From her lip the smile departed,
 From her cheek the summer glory,
In her eye the fading love-light
 Told my heart a mournful story
Of my sainted blue-eyed Mary !

Now I wander, weary wander,
All the seasons, sad and dreary,
On the banks of fair Potomac,
Calling on my silent Mary;
Longing still for death to hasten,
And the ties of earth dissever,
So I quit this house of mourning,
And rejoice in bliss forever,
With my own, my blue-eyed Mary !

THE WAIF'S RETROSPECT.

I.

'TIS night!—midnight! an Autumn midnight, damp.
Darkness, musty, sits in sullen silence,
'Midst brown and withered leaves, upon the grave
Of Summer and its hopes, shadowing earth
With the falling locks from her mildewed hair;
Nor from high heaven's arc peers there a moon
Or star into the vast of pulseless blackness.

In slumber deep I would shut out the night,
But cannot. I sit and rock the throbbing
Vein and aching nerve of being, and gaze
Intent, through eyelids closed, along the dim
Seen track of footprints left in other days
On childhood's path; and as the wand of thought strikes
The sepulchre of memory, and rakes

The ashy film from off the mouldering past,
I see arise the wan and palsied ghosts
Of buried years! Would it were tenantless!

II.

I stand, or seem to stand, where oft I stood
In orphan boyhood. Lorn I stand upon
The cliff that beetles o'er the "Dead-Man's Cave,"
Where Atlantic's tide in peaceful moments
Slumber; whose dusky base for ages past
Has withstood the shock of waters scooped from
Old ocean's depth, high piled in rolling hills,
And heaved dark green, foaming, and furious,
By fierce and mighty winds, bearing no scar
Of ocean nor of tempest's rage. I gaze
Far out upon the expanse of waters,
High ridged with swells of sullen front and brow,
Thick wreathed with wrathful froth, or calm as dream
Of slumbering virgin, mirroring forth
The rainbow, a miracle of its God,
And mark the freighted bark, like a tiny
Speck, by distance fixed against the far off

Slanting rim of vision, and sigh to be
Of her, and marvel much what aspect hath
In other climes, and long to roam therein ;
Or, listless, stretch me on the fallow bint,
And hail the shifting clouds—creating there
A boyish world ; or, lulled to sleep by sob
Of fretful ripples, or dash of breakers
Panting with the pulse of storm, I vision
Of sunny lands, with balmy winds, and skies
Serene, deep fringed with amber-tinted clouds,
And streamers tipped with wavy gold, and rays
Of never-failing day, and scenes how fair,
Of blooming hills and glades and tuneful streams,
And cities peopled with congenial kind,
And forms of love and melody and joy—
All offsprings of a lone and yearning heart !

III.

I turn, as of yore, and yonder, beneath
The low descending sun, stand the Abbey's
Brown and crumbling walls, where ivy creeps
And twines a garland green o'er the hallowed

Dust of my forefathers and their offspring.
Ah! there rests a parent dear—my mother
Fond—whose spirit fled while I, unconscious
Of the light gone out—the love forever
Gone—the treasure lost—dropped no mourning tear;
Or, if I did, 'twas but a simple child's:—
Of that my memory holds no record,
Nor shadowy lineament of her face
Nor form. 'Tis said she was of comely mould,
With flaxen hair of wavy wealth, and eyes
Of fondest blue, and loved her boy full well!

And there are graves whose shrouded occupants
I honored not, nor do I now. Perchance
The feeling is merciless, unholy—
But not unmerited. Youth, when slighted,
Has in it a bitterness instilled which
Grows apace with age, and takes, in manhood,
Haply of gloom, a deeper shade and shape,
And tone more isolated, entombing
The shivering heart of blasted sympathy
In a realm of dusk grim phantoms peopled,
Rayless and void of peace, or hope, or tone
Of joyous cadence, as that which fasting

Hermits wisely pass their terrestrial
Span in solitude telling beads to shun.

My nature was to love, and kind ; and my
Heart's tide did rush all glowing to mingle
With congenial floods, but found none, when
It did ebb, chilled, nor flowed again—but has
Become a glacier cold which knows no thaw.

But let the dead slumber. I have triumphed
And outlived them all, though still young in years !
But ah, how sear in heart ! Meseems I hear
The clank, clank, clank of years, as from the wheel
Of Time they drop into the past, and feel
Their weight, weight, weight, down crush my groaning
heart.

—There rest my kindred—many, but not all.
Some sleep in other lands, where freemen dwell.
I, too, perhaps, may slumber there. In them
I've wandered long, with friendship kind, and love
Them well, and deem it honor high to fill
A freeman's grave. Yet I would lay my earth
With my foresires in mine own land—the land
Where I was born ; though Freedom hath no voice
Nor temple there, but bondage dwells, and tears

Fall fast, and wo is on the passing breeze!
Can man do less than love his native clay?

IV.

I wander, as of yore. My steps incline
To the wild beach. I pause. I mark the swell
Of toppling billows far out upon
The drear of ocean. On, still on they come!
Now faltering rush upon the shelly
Strand, and expire in gasps whereat I stand!
The sea-gull, pillowed on her cradle wave,
Shrieks wild, discordant notes as night drops on
The deep. The curlew, homeward bound, with bold
Wing cleaves the darkling air, and circling
Sweeps around her cliff-girt eyrie. The winds
Are up, and at their nightly revels. Hark!
In yonder cave they clap their rebel wings,
And shout "Eternity! eternity!"

These were my friends of yore: these have my soul
Communed with: to these my lips have muttered
Thoughts of strange conception—thoughts which have no
Record. Then Youth, agape, at distance stood,

With lips apart, and pale, in attitude
Of timid mein; and Age, of knowledge full,
Looked on with wisdom's eye, and slowly shook
Its scanty locks of autumn hair, and spake :
The house of reason totters ! Alas ! poor
Boy ! poor boy ! I fear he sits with madness ;
Holding converse dread with her peopled clouds !

Perchance they erred not much, for I have felt,
At times, odd promptings, and wished that this frail
Pulp of flesh had withered ere it was flung
To the winds of adversity to crisp
And whip. Yet there has been on this fantastic
Globe—this patient nurse of flesh—this spacious
Catacomb of Man—beings who gave such
Thoughts the shape and tone of words—words which hung
A chaplet on the brow of Time to beard
Destruction ! But I am not of these. Mine
Had creation, but they lived not—they were
Blasted ! I mourned not much. Fame holds aloft
A bitter chalice ; and they who drink must
Die ! Nor does the spirit, in eternity
Aught better fare because of having quaffed
The goblet brimming o'er with the applause

Of man. Nor does its bones interred crumble
In more peace beneath the costly sculptured
Stone high raised, and called a mark of honor,
Than in a modest grave, 'neath simple turf.
Mine be a grave obscure—its head-stone a tear !

THE SUICIDE.

THERE she calmly lies, but just recovered
From the flood—her brown hair dank and clotted
With the foam of the wild breakers, which quenched
Her life's brief lamp! How icy cold her hand!
How stiff she lies! How white her cheek! Where now
The dimpled rose that bloomed forever there?
Alas! alas! poor girl! how dire her fate!

Stranger, I knew her well—how long and well!—
In childhood, in girlhood, and the first bloom
Of buoyant womanhood. 'Tis but one fall
Of leaves in the lap of Autumn, since that dark
And ruined temple was lovely, rarely
Beautiful—when reason filled its twilight
Aisles, shadowy recesses, arches grand,
And lofty dome, with the essence of life;
When glad being, illumined by the torch

Of conscious innocence and virgin faith,
Presided at its altars, scattering
Incense sacred with a bounteous hand ;
When from those lips compressed, as if to hold
Life's secret in death, gushed strains of sweetest
Tone from the heart's deep melody, filling
With an alto grand the great spiritual
Tabernacle, now swelling with a strain
Of melting pathos, again faltering
With a cadence sad, and anon thrilling
With a wild, grand symphony. Oh, she was
Glorious ! How we loved her ! All loved her,
Rich and poor ! She was our pride ! Every heart
Within our hamlet had a place for her !

Ah, stranger ! you may look and listen now !
The grand diapason of existence
Is hushed—the consecrated fires extinguished !
The high priests have fled the sanctuary !
On its deserted altars there is writ,
“ *Alas ! alas ! Ichabod ! Ichabod !* ”

Stranger ! would you learn the story of her wrongs ?
Listen ; and while I speak, look on that face,
And mark those deep set lines of agony

Round those rayless eyes, fixed with dark despair !
Those white lips fixed with unutterable
Woe of the soul's dread suffering ! and ask
Thy heart : Can this be SUICIDE ! Is it
Not MURDER, dealt by foul man, her brother ?

'Twas when the first glowing flush of dawning
Womanhood shed a halo on her brow,
There came unto our hamlet a stranger
Who had been schooled—ay, well schooled—in cities.
He was a man of comely mien, and step
Of haughty tread. His manners, they were high
And polished—his tongue, how smooth ! and his speech,
Just tuned for maiden's ear, flowed fluently,
And had a power. He saw the Jewel
Of our hamlet—such was the name we gave
Her who lies before you—and, seeing,
Coveted, but not loved ! Oh, no—he had
Too much of earth for that ! It were a grand,
A glorious conquest, thought he, to win
The wealth of that rich heart, pure as the rose
Which nestled in her braided hair ! And long
He watched her smile for love, and long he sighed
For that sigh which speaks affection, and oft

He held the beaded goblet to her summer
Lips, that she might drink deeply, and be drunk
Of love. Yet many suns had rose and set,
And many moons waned palely, ere he had
Triumphed. But then came the ripe, rich harvest
Of his success. How sublime was the love
Intense, the all-absorbing love, of her,
The young, the beautiful, wooed and won! How
Her being seemed to leap from its abode,
That it might mingle with and dwell for aye
With him! But he grew weary of her love—
The victory was won—his earthy self
Was gratified. With heartless irony
He smote the confiding soul, and blighted
The heart's rich love-bloom, and with remorseless
Hand snapped the fond, clinging tendrils, and left
Them to trail and wither in the dust!

Stranger!

There are moments of such untold grief, such
Unutterable woe, such agony—
Such burning agony—that reason falls
Consumed, and the spirit, a captive lorn
And tortured, bursts its prison, and is free!

And when the world, the great, wise world, cries out,
“ *Suicide!*” it lies—’tis MURDER !

Stranger !

If beyond that slanting curtain of clouds
There be, as creeds doth teach and I believe,
A heaven, and fair-visaged Justice reigns,—
That maiden’s spirit is an angel there !

WHERE ARE MY FRIENDS?

WHERE are my friends ?

Come, all come !

Come with the swallows—

Summer is come ;

On my hearth-stone sits

Plentiful cheer !

And mine eyes grow bright,

All happy and bright,

With a joyful tear !

There's flowing wine ;

Many friends are mine—

True friends are mine ;

Summer is here—summer is here !

Where are my friends ?

Gone—all gone !

Gone with the swallows—

Summer is gone !

On my hearth-stone sits

Poverty drear !

And my eyes grow dim,

All troubled and dim,

With a joyless tear !

No flowing wine,

No friends are mine—

False friends are mine !

Winter is here—winter is here !

ODE TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

CHILD of mortals, how calm thy rest !
No hidden grief nor sighs suppressed
Disturb thy young and guileless breast—
Happy child !

Thy dream is fraught with visions fair,
Thy brow is smooth—no shade of care
Nor mark of passion linger there—
Sinless child !

But thou art young, thy summers few,
Thine eye unwet by sorrow's dew;
Thy heart yet deems that all is true—
Trusting child !

Nor may thy heart e'er understand,
Nor feel the cold and loveless hand

That wields keen sorrow's ruthless wand—

Tender child!

May thy life's star revolve in peace;

And may thy thoughts still roam the space

Where Heaven showers bounteous grace—

Gentle child!

Still may the angels of repose

Thy pale, delicate eyelids close,

And kiss thy tender cheek's faint rose—

Feeble child!

But should thy fate and Heaven's will

Meet thee a share of mortal ill,

To bear along life's rugged hill,

Patient child!—

Then, flower of earth, bear in mind

There's a calm in heaven, destined,

Through Christ, the hope of mortal kind,

For thee, child!

And all who live to learn to die,
And look with meek and loving eye
To the Father of Souls on high—
Guard the child!

BILLY JOLLY TO HIS WIFE POLLY.

My own dear little wife,
Let us banish all strife ;
So that this fleeting life
Be with happiness rife.

Let us laugh at old Time—
That, you know, is no crime—
Though we have not a dime
To jingle a cash chime.

Let us always be gay,
Dance, sing, shout, romp, and play,
Through our life's jolly day—
Thus banish frowns away.

Then when Death claims his score,
We'll wide open the door,

And invite the lean boor
To a seat on the floor.

Not a tear shall we cry,
But just kiss a good-bye ;
And then part with a sigh,
Till our union on high.

We'll thereby let him see,
That o'er life's troubled sea,
Mortals' voyage can be
One of sunshine and glee,

If they will only take
All things easy, nor stake
One gay laugh for the sake
Of lucre to make.

EPITAPH ON A CAT.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF AN "ANCIENT MAIDEN LADY."

OH, stranger dear,
 Let fall a tear!
 One Thomas Cat,
 Who was in life a rouser!
 Could filch a snack
 Behind your back,
 Dispatch a rat
 With every spat,
 Likewise a tip-top mouser—
 Lies here, caved in! defunct!
 His nom de plume was Damon,
 His morals purely Mormon;
 Would thrash each brat
 Of prowling cat,

And knock 'em harem-scarem,
That dared to tread
His native shed—
The shed wherein he bunked,
And kept o' nights a harem!

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON BEING ASKED "WHAT IS LIFE?"

WHEN, in thy dream in autumn years to come,
A vision forlorn shall arise,
With faded brow, and lips all pale and dumb,
And dim, and sad, and tearful eyes,
It is the SHADE of youth departed,
Wandering back all broken-hearted
From the tomb of buried joys,
Through the vale of hapless sighs,
To the Eden, where spring imparted
Darling hues to blossoming life—
Love's golden promise, void of strife—
Cadence soft to songs of gladness,
Tuned with hope, and void of sadness—
Ah, mortal pilgrim ! that is Life !

ODE TO MY HEART.

OH, heart of mine, be calm !
Why dost thou yield to sorrow,
When life can always borrow
Of hope a brighter morrow,
A soothing taste of balm ?
Though it ever prove to be
All delusive as mist
Upon a mountain's crest,
Or bubbles on a sea !
Oh, cease to mourn and repine—
Look to heaven, heart of mine,
For the loved and lost !

Oh, heart of mine, be still !
Though thy sun be all shaded,
And thy summer bloom faded,
Ere its spring hath down laid it

'Neath the leaves of autumn chill,
In a melancholy shroud,
On the bosom of old earth—
Parent kind of each birth,
Whether humble or proud ;—
Oh, heart of mine, be not sad !
Look to heaven, and be glad :
Seek GOD with thy breath !

LYRIC OF THE WINDS.

WE are rovers free,
On land or on sea !
We sob o'er a grave,
Or shout on the wave :—
What mortal can stay
Our limitless sway
By night or by day ?

The gray mists we furl,
The dark clouds we hurl
On the mountain's curl,
And sprinkle the rain
On the thirsty grain—
We spatter the rain
Over hill and plain ;

Or, torrid and dry,
Go whistling by,
High twirling the dust
In a spiral bust
Áloft to the sky,
Or tossing the snow
On the globe below.

We nestle at rest
In a flower's breast,
Or we lash the main
With a foamy chain.
With a gentle gale
We expand the sail,
Or shattering blast !

We heed no behest
Nor gentle request
From sinner or blest,
The rich or the poor.
We are welcome guests,
Or troublesome pests,
At every one's door.

We espouse no clime ;
We are twins of Time.
On creation's morn,
With him we were born :
On creation's eve,
With him we will leave
This planet forlorn.

L I N E S.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A STATESMAN.

Now sad Night walks in grief her dusky isle,
While meteors troubled hasten to and fro
Athwart the high, solemn heavens, and pale
Fixed stars look trembling on the scene of wo!

The rebellious winds forget their stern will,
And pause awhile, nor elap their wings, nor start,
But linger, moaning plaintive o'er the ill
That fills with sorrow a nation's heart!

The sobbing ocean chants a solemn dirge,
And mournful echoes catch the woful strain;
And mermaids from their coral couch emerge,
With tearful eyes, to join the weeping train!

The eagle bold deserts her rock-girt nest,
And, screaming, cleaves the muffled elements
With joyless wing and sorrow-heaving breast,
As she marks the pall on freedom's battlements!

Freedom weeps! Low droops her radiant head!
And pointing toward the scroll of duty,
She speaks: "*Here is no blot to shame the dead,
Nor fault to punish in eternity!*"

IMPROMPTU.

ON BEING ASKED "WHAT IS LOVE?"

WITHOUT LOVE, Man were but a savage ruthless !
 Woman, a croaking hag, shriveled and toothless !
 Prolific Earth, a chaos wild and fruitless !
 Existence, loved, a boon unsought and bootless !

LEMAN, THE SAGE.

WHAT though it has not been my life-long care
To have my name enlist the mighty ear
Of ruling Kings, high on the throne of state,—
Nor satellites, who deem themselves as great,
Have asked, Ah, pray, what speaks his pedigree?
His ancestors, were they of high degree?
Is he by lineage long of noble blood,
Or brat descended of the vulgar herd?

I.

Ere autumn winds shout on the hills,
And moan through forests drear, and rills
Have hushed their summer songs, and birds
Have flown to warmer climes, nor words

Of love and hope, 'neath vernal shade,
On dewy glebe, in silent glade,
Are whispered by fond lover
To maiden fair, at dusky hour;

II.

At noon's decline, when lightly trips
The gentle Eve, with dewy lips,
Adown the hill-side, through the vale,
The daisied brake, the mossy dale,
Kissing the wild-flowers, cooling
The sick brow, the sad heart soothing,
Breathing rest to the toiling hand,
Pouting the lips with language bland:—

III.

On granite rock, in quiet glen,
Far distant from the clank and din
Of jostling life, and the jar
Of worldly shocks, and the loud war

Of passions fell, fierce contending
For earthly dross, and the rending
Hiss, hiss, of husky panting strife
On the surging billow of life ;—

IV.

Sat Leman old, with brow serene,
And streaming locks of silver sheen.
Fair was his mein, though poor his lot ;
And lowly stood the rustic cot,
Where he had passed his humble days
In honest pride, and thankful praise
To the God of earth and heaven,
For the blessings many given.

V.

He gazed upon the ancient trees
Where sweet birds sang their evening glees ;
He gazed upon the purling brook,
The mossy brink, the ivy nook ;

He gazed along the valley green,
And on the hill-top's verdant scene ;
Then roaming high o'er heaven vast,
His vision linger'd on the west,

VI.

Where the low sun, with glowing light,
Lit up a crescent cloud, and bright
Floods pour'd of crimson hue, and roll'd
Along the sky great waves of gold.
He sigh'd ; then from his placid lips
There cadence came, softly as dips
The muffled oar in glassy lake,
With measured pause, and slow he spake :—

VII.

“ Thus sets the sun of life, when man
Lays down this tuft of earth, this wan
And weary pulp of flesh, in peace,
And can bequeath unto his race

The record of his errand here
With man, his brother frail, nor fear
The darkness of the tomb, nor dread
The awful sentence of the dead.

VIII.

“T is a glorious eve; how calm
Earth sits; the winds slumber, and balm
Of summer’s fragrance-breathing sighs,
Floats on ambient wing; nor lies
There a jet on heaven’s expanse;—
All is tranquillity—a trance
Serene of celestial feature
Wraps the pausing ear of nature!

IX.

“How oft I’ve seen, at break of day,
The dawning sun o’er yonder brae,
Clad with brown and blossoming heath,
Look on the silent vale beneath;

And oft at eve I've sat me here,
And gloried in his high career,
As slow he sank to noble rest
O'er yonder hill which marks the west.

X.

"Then when night came in twilight hood,
And shadow cast o'er land and flood,
Oft have I linger'd till the moon
Told on the gnomon night's pale noon,
With watchful eyes and sleepless mind,
Pondering on the undefined
Secrets of the soul's citadel,
When the flesh moulders in its cell.

XI.

"But here life ends—my journey's o'er—
My sands are told—ah, nevermore
Shall I behold the rising sun,
Nor gaze at eve, when toil is done,

On the bright and glorious sky,
Nor on earth's bloom of many die ;
Nor song of birds, to me so dear,
May greet my soul through mortal ear !

XII.

“ My aged bark is drifting fast
On the doubtful shore of the vast
Stern island of eternity,
There to learn the unknown mystery
Of death, and the home of spirits—
That dwelling each soul inherits
On that strand where Lethe's ocean
Rolls its waves with noiseless motion.

XIII.

“ This moss-girt rock, my faithful seat,
The friendly birds that carol sweet
Upon these long familiar boughs,
The guileless lambs that prank and browse

Along those verdure tufted braes,
 Yon brook which chants eternal praise,
 Will miss my presence when gray morn
 Proclaims another day is born."

XIV.

Here Lemman paused awhile, and low
 Upon his hand reclined his brow,
 While within his quivering breast
 A fount of feeling, long suppress'd,
 Welled up, and from his moisten'd eye
 One drop rolled down upon a sigh
 To earth, and trembled in the moss,
 When thus again resumed his voice :—

XV.

"Take it, Nature ! That tear is thine !
 While the tendrils of life doth twine
 Around my spirit, my heart's pulse
 Shall throb to thee with fond impulse ;—

When o'er my fainting bosom roll'd
Wild waves of passion, thou hast told
My heart be quiet, and hast led
My wandering thoughts unto God ;

XVI.

“ And hast said, ‘ Lo, I am the creed
Of saints! Look on my scroll, and read
This truth—a pilgrim’s sentiment
Who begged for bread, but was content :’
The poor, lean-visaged mendicant,
Jaded and staggering of want,
Whipp’d by his rags and poverty,
To kiss the spare hand of charity,

XVII.

“ Through summer’s calm and winter’s storm,
Lays down at night his weary form
On his straw bed, and takes repose
In softer sleep—his dreams disclose

More joy, and brighter visions far,
 If beams within his heart that star
 Which lights the soul's imprisonment—
 That ray of heaven, sweet content—

XVIII.

“Than that man whose gold-belted garb
 Flings back the flash of heaven's orb ;
 Whose couch is down ; whose nice palate
 Smaeks the best in plenty's wallet ;
 Whose pallid brow and lips compress'd,
 And fretful mein and troubled rest,
 Proclaim the viper Discontent
 Infests the vital tenement.”

XIX.

“I do not mourn for life—we part
 In peace, good friends. No tear shall start
 When vision, nor sound, nor distance
 Hath a pulse in my existence,

And the cold wing of sombre Death
Fans my damp brow, and wafts the breath
From these pale lips of weary clay,
And drops the shroud o'er life's long day.

XX.

“ I have lived my allotted span,
And walked at ease when others ran
With headlong speed, to grasp at what
They could not reach, and never got.
Not that I lacked a bold desire
To gain some position higher
Than that the will of wayward fate
Assigned me as my birthright state ;

XXI.

“ But I, being what some deride—
A man of honor and of pride,
Who gloried in an honest name
More than the monument of fame,—

I've dwelt in calm obscurity,
 'Mid scenes and forms of purity—
 A hermit odd, as people say,
 Far from the haunts where bask the gay.

XXII.

“For in youth I learned but too well,
 How much the humble must excel
 In anything which tends to claim
 Distinction's pass to wealth and fame;
 And, if excelling, rarely reach
 The bauble from its lofty pitch,
 Unless in league with those who cheat
 Their upward flight to high estate.

XXIII.

“There be such men, full many, too;
 And I have known of them a few
 In my spare dealings with the mass,
 Who hug to earth and earthly dross,

. Nor balk at deeds, so dark and fell,
That one alone would warrant hell,
To gain the prize—the luring spoil—
The guerdon of their damned toil ;

XXIV.

“ And cringe and fawn upon the host
Of gluttoned worms, who vainly boast
Exalted rank and noble blood,
Pure since the world’s ingulging flood,
Which, if God’s naked truth was plain,
Had its origin in the vein
Of dastard base, or implicit,
Servile whelp of love illicit.

XXV.

“ Worse: perchance a murderer’s hand
Raised the lofty structure, and plann’d
The heaven insulting tower
Of their vanity and power.

Such are the lordly sons of might,
 Who claim the undisputed right
 To rule this flesh-lapped empire
 With ripping lash and fetters dire ;

XXVI.

“ And fling the bitter taunt of slave
 To her desponding sons, and rave—
 Such wast thou in thy mother’s womb—
 Such expire—shall be in the tomb—
 We are thy masters, our estate
 To rule ; thine to serve and entreat
 For daily crumbs—ay, existence !
 Raise not thou, with loud resistance,

XXVII.

“ The rebel wail, nor in anguish
 Call for justice, when you languish
 Beneath the burden of our yoke,
 And thy rebellious heart is broke !

Thy country hath no will—no voice—
No flag—no triumph song—no choice
Of laws—nor rights ;—her marshal strains
Are but the clank of shackle chains.

XXVIII.

“ And scan, with eye of scorn, that man
Who cannot boast a noble clan—
Albeit to his high soul 'tis due
That honor which belongs to few—
The title MAN—and they, how mighty
In opulence or poverty !—
Forms that, like the dazzling sun,
The skulking eye of knaves must shun.”

XXIX.

Again pale Leman paused : his eye
With waning vision wandered high,
Where the young moon, with friendly ray,
Upon a slender drift of gray

And dappled clouds, that lay at rest
Far in the distant slanting east,
Sat lightly midst the ether blue,
Lighting the niche of dusky hue,

XXX.

Where night's brown queen, with rayless eye,
In dankish robes of tawny dye,
Sat brooding alone in muffled woe,
Her loose locks tossing to and fro—
When thus again, in accents weak,
His pallid lips essayed to speak :
Faint was his utterance, and slow
His language fell, with cadence low:—

XXXI.

“ Oh, Father of Life ! I thank Thee
For the blessings many thy free
And bounteous will hath bestow'd
On my pilgrimage o'er the road

Of devious life, and the balm
Of honest slumber, and the calm
Of sweet contentment's soothing peace
Thou hast bid my soul embrace.

XXXII.

“When I am gone, none can defame
My humble but unsullied name.
That thought alone imparts more rest
And quiet hope to this, my last
Declining hour, than all the show
Of honor mortals can bestow.
Farewell, earth! my mission is done!
Father, receive thy weary son!”

XXXIII.

He ceased: a breeze then passing by,
Paused awhile, then hovering nigh
Where Leman lay, hush'd and listen'd;
Then to a dew-drop that glisten'd

Upon a drooping leaf hard by,
Whispered, "I'll bear his soul on high;
Thee and thy sisters mourn below—
Mine will strike the harp of woe."

XXXIV.

On the Isle of Woe, where Emmet sleeps,
And "Tara's harp" dread silence keeps,
There is a grave beside a brook,
'Neath the shade of an aged oak,
Whose friendly branches spreading wide,
Lean fondly o'er the tiny tide,
And guard, with giant arms outspread,
The sacred temple of the dead—

XXXV.

There Lemman lies, in humble state,
The turf his monument!—a slate
Denotes where rests his lowly head,
With this inscription to the dead:

*“ There lies within this narrow berth,
In humble garb, the mortal clod
Of one who craved no boon of earth,
And owned no master but his God !”*

FLOWERS.

THERE is a sermon and a creed in flowers,
And they have tongues which speak unto conscience,
And their voice hath music, and is sacred
To the listening soul. The hills stupendous,
Mountain crested ; the seas immense ; the rocks
Which bound their deep, broad space, and brave the shock
Of swells tempestuous—their dusky grandeur
Veiled, anon, with the white spray of their wrath ;
The circling planets, still rolling onward
In numberless cycles, high poised amid
Dread infinity of space, and ancient
As their sun ; the stars phosphoric, that light
The nebulous expanse of firmament ;
The etesian winds that blow ; and the rains
That fall within the concave of the vast
Universe ; the birth and death of seasons ;

The broad, bright day of wakefulness; the night
Of darkness and of just repose;—bear not
The signet of GOD'S will more palpably
Than does the frailest little floweret
Whose petals quiver when zephyrs breathe.

TO ANNA.

MAIDEN ! thou of the dark brown hair,
Full oft the morn and evening air
Wafts on high a lover's prayer,
Pure and free,
Meant for thee—
Solely thee !

But his soul in vain concealing
What his eye is still revealing,
Meets of sympathetic feeling
None from thee—
Ever free,
Loveless thee !

Ah ! coldly beams thy dark blue eye,
Whene'er he speaks or lingers nigh,

Who hapless exists, and would die
Still to be
Loved by thee—
Only thee!

SONNET.

How grand in autumn, when the evening sun
Bends o'er the blushing sea, whose deep, broad space,
With measured throb, rolls its blue waves to the base
Of some south crested cliff, there stretched alone
Upon the burnished heath to pause for hours,
And feel, low breathing on thy listless face,
The dew-lipped air, fresh from inland bowers
Of clover wild, and wilder flowers, and mace ;
To hear the fitful hum and languid sigh
Of some stray wind among the drowsy boughs,
And the grass-braided brooklet lisping nigh,
That still with dreamy poem ever goes
Gliding along in sweet monotony,
Obedient to its Maker's high decree!

LOVE'S OWN CLIME.

THERE the sun shines daily from on high,
O'er valleys fair and ever green ;
There lakelets reflect the azure sky,
Brave emerald branches between ;
There nature's fountains gushing clear,
Leap the mountain's furrowed brow ;
There bounds the swift, the noble deer,
And gay birds chant on every bough ;
There lov'd philomels nightly sing
Sweet songs to their own lovely isle ;
There the soft zephyr's lambent wing
Wafts soothing fragrance all the while ;
There Luna sheds her kindest light,
And dew-drops kiss many a rose ;
There the stars wink in fond delight,
At Peace and Plenty's kind repose.

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THE DYING ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

A poor orphan girl, forlorn and pale,
 Knelt by a grave on a wintry night;
Fast fell her tears, and sad her wail,
 While the snow-drops wove a garland white
O'er her brow upturned and braidless hair,
 Full dark as the tomb, and floating wild,
As with white lip, on the midnight air,
 She breathed this lament, poor orphan child,
 To her mother in heaven !

“ Ah ! sad is the night on this wild heath,
 And woefully croaks the dark wing'd raven,
Dismally perched yon tower beneath,
 By lightnings fierce long rent and riven ;
But sadder still is my heart within—
 Faint and alone, on this dreary wild,

A friendless waif in this world of sin,
Since thou hast left thy poor orphan child,
Dearest mother in heaven !

No gentle voice in my joyless ear
Soothingly whispers a sweet relief
To my weary soul's unceasing tear,
That flows from a fount of endless grief.
They say that my heart is void of love,
And my pale, sad lips, have never smiled !
Ah ! none doth know but thy soul above,
The deathless love of thy orphan child,
Fondest mother in heaven !

My lips grow still, and mine eyes grow dim,
And faint is the throb of my sick heart ;
I know 'tis Death, but I fear not him—
His icy touch can no pang impart !
Farewell, earth ! adieu, mortality !
Lo ! I am coming, sweet spirit mild,
To thy changeless home of purity !
Oh ! press to thy heart thy orphan child,
My own mother in heaven !

THEY COST "ROCKS."

WIFE, you wear a bonnet blue,

A pretty head have in it, too !

" Well, what of that ?"

Oh, nothing, only—a-hem—

It costs some rocks to deck a whim—

Let down that slat,

The sun is scorching !

Wife, you wear a dress quite new,

With frills around, athwart, askew !

" Well, what of that ?"

Oh, nothing, only fine robes

Cost solid rocks as well as globes—

I'm growing fat,

I've burst my girdle !

Wife, you wear gloves tipped with flue ;
Your hand is very small, 't is true !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only kidskin
Costs rocks. They've ta'en t' using ratskin—
How very flat
This young poodle lies !

Wife, your eyes are brilliant ; who
Has brighter ? Echo answers who ?

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only, my dear,
It costs rocks to keep the vision clear—
This beer is flat,
Hops are very scarce !

Wife, your lips are rosy hue,
You smile more sweet than cousin Sue !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only I ween
It costs rocks to keep the mouth serene—
There goes a rat ;
Moll, look to the cheese !

Wife, you never act the shrew,
Nor scold a *lick*, as others do !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only quiet
Costs some rocks, as well as diet—

Mike, dust that mat ;
You know dust makes dirt !

Wife, you're fair as morning dew,
Or any bud that ever grew !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only beauty
Costs, in rocks, a heavy duty—

Bill's had a spat ;
Lo ! his jacket's slit !

Wife, you never seem to rue,
But stick to notion tight as glue !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only self-will
Costs rocks—sometimes 'twill outright kill—

Moll, cleanse the vat !
We'll have a shower !

Wife, you never care to sew,
But then you love romances so !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only novels
Cost rocks—mother made good waffles—
My pipe, you Mat !
I’ve got the toothache !

Wife, you always wish to strew
Our board with luscious roast and stew !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only dainties
Cost rocks in fish, flesh, or pastries—
That’s leghorn plat
In that old bonnet !

Wife, you always sniff and pooh
When food is high, the wherewith few !

“ Well, what of that ? ”

Oh, nothing, only eating
Sendeth rocks pell-mell a skating—
There’s fish called sprat,
Rather small, but sweet !

Wife, you never do say "boo"
To household squander; no, not you!
 " Well, what of that?"
Oh, nothing, only wasting
Costs some rocks, as well as feasting—
 That little gnat
 Has stung my smeller!

Wife, you never take a cue,
To snub our friends—that sponging crew!
 " Well, what of that?"
Oh, nothing, only suckers
Reducee rocks to flimsy wafers—
 Boys, hold your chat;
 Silence becomes youth!

Wife, I guess you always knew
Adam's rooster was the first that crew!
 " Well, what of that?"
Oh, nothing, only knowledge
Costs rocks—you'd have the boys at college—
 There's tit for tat,
 Says Mike Finnegan!

Now, wife, between me and you,
I adore you—I'll vow I do!

“Well, what of that?”

Oh, nothing; only just that
You cost huge rocks; that's very pat--
Hum, where's my hat?
I ken wrath feminine!

TO A FRIEND.

GIVE me thy hand ! for well I know,—
Through sun or shade, through weal or wo,
Through breathless calm or heavy blow,
On land or surging billows' flow,—
 Thou art a noble friend,
 All changeless to the end !

A CHILD'S EPITAPH.

ONE morn a flower bloomed,
At evening it faded.
Here lie the withered leaves ;
The essence rose to God !

AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight damp ! utter silence reigns !

And darkness dense and black as ebon
Clasps the earth, as if in terror, and strains
It to her dumb lips and pulseless heart !

I hearken ! no tone of peace nor strife
Wanders through the empire of blackness !
'Tis as if the vital spark of life
Hath smothered in the all dreadful gloom !

Oh, I'm sick of this quiet—this dearth
Of light and sound ! I wish some living thing
Would stir, e'en a cricket on the hearth,
Or a spider dust his web on the wall !

THAT WILD BEACH WHERE MY OWN COT STANDS.

YES, sing me songs of love and truth ;
My heart is strangely sad to-day !
I'm thinking of the friends of youth,
Now sleeping 'neath the silent elay,

In mine own land, my childhood's home,
Far o'er the blue Atlantic wave,
By the wild beach where billows foam,
And dark rocks stand and wild winds rave !

Ah, sad the will and sad the thought,
That bears me back to youthful days !
Ah, sad the scene and lone the cot,
Where I have sung my boyish lays !

Guided by my wandering star,
I've seen fair spots in stranger lands ;
Yet dear to me—ah ! dearer far,
That wild beach where my own cot stands !

LONG AGO.

HEIGHO ! dear friend, how very fast
Time flies ! How many years have cast
Their shadow upon earth's dial,
Since I first met life's rude trial,

Long ago !

And yet how fresh doth memory keep
Each tint on that little landscape,
By streamlet, mound, nook, and wildwood,
Painted on the heart in childhood,

Long ago !

I see a birch hard by a brook,
Beside a green and shady nook,
Where I have sat, 'mid waving corn,
Many an eve and early morn,

Long ago !

I see a mound within a dell,
Beside a clear and trickling well,
Where I have knelt low on the sod,
And quaffed full oft and thanked my God,
Long ago !

Nigh to a cot of humble dome—
Dear friend, it was my early home—
There I have wept, and, weeping, smiled,
For I was then a happy child,
Long ago !

Till on that cot there fell a gloom,
And strangers came to mother's room,
And friends stood there, and tears were shed
Around my pale, pale, mother's bed,
Long ago !

There was a grave with flowers strewed,
Beside an autumn-sighing wood ;
There I have knelt morn, noon, and eve,
And kissed, dear friend, my mother's grave,
Long ago !

Ah, me! how oft my bosom's thought
Is full of these, and asks my heart
If they are still, and do they seem,
As once they did in childhood's dream,
Long ago!

As I still onward roam among
My fellow-kind, amid a throng
Of earthly hopes and earthly fears,
A pilgrim bowed with hapless years,
Long ago!

Ah, there! how weak! dear friend, my heart,
Long taught to act a calmer part,
Wells up, and tears are mine, and sighs—
I may not speak of other days,
Long ago!

T H O U G H T S

WHILE OBSERVING A LADY IN CHURCH.

MAIDEN, thou art solemn ! thy pensive mien
Inspires a calm, deep feeling of sadness,
Such as one feels when night's serene-eyed queen
Sheds on the hushed world a midnight paleness.

Bland-visaged Melancholy gives in faith
A something sacred to the mortal brow,
Round which she softly 'twines her pale, sad wreath—
Thine, indeed, appears most heavenly now,

As thy pure thoughts, like pellucid streamlets,
Unsullied flow their meek and sinless way,
Reflecting Paradise in their wavelets,
And beams thine eye with faith when thou dost pray !

TO MANNIE.

MANNIE! when mem'ry wakes, in years unborn,
The slumbering recollections of the past,
And you review the friends of youth's fair morn,
Say, wilt thou waste a thought on me, and cast
A wishful gaze into the realm of fate,
To learn if I do yet in mortal state
Exist, a pallid slave to love or hate,
Or, pillowed calmly on life's sobless tide,
With my soul's eyes fixed on cloudless heaven,
The past forgotten, and this heart of pride
Subdued—all forgiving and forgiven?

MY HEART SEEMS LIKE A RUINED ALTAR.

I'M weary! My heart seems like a ruined altar
In some deserted temple's darkling hall,
Strewn with decay, draped with funeral pall;
My eyes grow dim with tears, and my accents falter,
When I look back, and the dim past recall!
Where is the truth? where the faith of childhood?
Where are the joys? ah, where the friends of yore?
There are shadows lengthening in the wildwood,
Upon the grave-mound of careless boyhood '
Where they sleep. I can trust—can love no more!
Vain are life's dreams—sad their recollection!
Vain are its hopes—fleeting its affection!
Joy to-day, to-morrow deep dejection!
Its sweetest cup hath dregs of bitter gall,
And yet, tho' young, I've known and felt them all!

IN MARCH.

AT morn I saw the cold, white snow
O'erspread the hill-side, lawn, and lea,
Sombre clouds hearse the sky, the sea
In foam dash on the cliffs below,
And harsh winds shake the leafless tree.

At noon I saw the ocean wave,
With placid motion, reach the strand,
And kiss the tiny shells with bland
And languid pouting lip, and lave
The crescent drift of yellow sand.

At eve I saw the leafless tree,
In dreamy pause, stand motionless;
The sky serene, deep blue, and cloudless;
The snow on hill-side, lawn, and lea,
Touched to tears, in earth sink viewless.

THE PLIGHTED MAIDEN.

IN time long confined with the past,
Far o'er the swell of ocean vast,
On an isle, a sorrowing isle,—
A wreck—a funeral pile—

A noble girl, at dewy hour,
Pensive sat, in lonely bower,
Hard by a stream of crystal sheen,
Which flowed two vernal banks between.

Her seat was flowers thick entwined,
And at her feet a fawn reclined ;
A relic old stood by her side,
A noble harp of ancient pride.

Her brow was fair, but not alone ;
It seemed of thought the very throne ;

Her eyes were dark as ebon night,
And spake a world of loving light.

Her cheek was rich with blushing hue,
Her lip, the rose, when wet with dew ;
And round her neck, as snow-drift white,
Played wayward curls, brown and bright.

Her brow she leaned upon one hand,
The other press'd a flower bland ;
Her eyelids drooped, at length, too weak—
Their long fringe rested on her cheek ;

She slept—her breathing deep and fast ;
She dreamed—'t was of the pleasing past ;
Her bosom heaved—she breathed a name,
Soft as an angel's holy theme.

'T was his, her lover, then afar,
A noble in his country's war ;
And then she spake, as if aware
That he caress'd and kissed her there.

A wayward zephyr's sudden start
Shook the slumbering leaves apart,
And woke the maiden in her dream
Of him most dear 'neath heaven's beam ;

When thus she spake : " Ye winds and leaves,
Ah ! why disturb a maid who grieves ?
Ah ! why dispel my dream of bliss ?
Ah ! why prove false that greeting kiss ?"

Anon she heard a step approach,
And rising from her flow'ry couch,
Tossed back the glossy, flowing hair,
From o'er her brow of beauty rare.

It was her sire, infirm and hoar,
And in his feeble hand he bore
A letter white, with inky seal,
Horrent forerunner of no weal.

The flush forsook the maiden's cheek ;
Transfixed she bow'd, nor could she speak ;

Big tears adown her cheeks did glide—
At length she broke the spell, and cried :

“ Speak ! oh, father fond ! he—he’s dead ! ”

The father bowed his ancient head,
And heaved a long, convulsive sigh,
While tears, hot tears, bedimmed his eye.

Then suddenly, the smouldering fire
Of his youth, and the noble ire
Of his proud heart and mighty soul
Flashed forth, spurning time’s control.

He stood, with lofty brow upraised,
As to the distant north he gazed,
Then dashing from his furrow’d cheek
A struggling tear, thus did he speak :

“ On yonder woful plain afar
Our banner trails in blood ; our star
Has set in gloom from shore to shore ;
Our harp of freedom sings no more !

“The foe has conquered, our country’s lost,
And freedom shrieks along our coast,
But shrieks in vain ; her bleeding sons
Fall fast ; oh, God ! yet die in bonds !

“Thy lover sleeps ; his flashing shield
Was foremost on the battle-field ;
His last bold shout was for the free ;
His dying words were all of thee.”

The maiden heard, and cadence came
From her pale lips, of his dear name,
Like the sad moan of streams, and sighs
Of mournful winds, when autumn dies.

She paused, her eyes to heaven cast,
Then sank to earth,—a gentle blast
Just then wandering slowly by,
Bore to heaven her long, last sigh.

Still as a statue white she lay,
Nor sign of animated clay ;

Loosely clasped in her slender hands
Her dark brown tresses waving bands.

•

Her sire, kneeling, deplored his child
In accents fond, yet quick and wild,
And chafed her brow, and kissed her cheek,
And prayed her snowy lips to speak.

'T was vain ; his fond voice she heard not,
His paternal kiss she felt not,
For as he kissed, her young heart's blood
Flowed through her lips a crimson flood.

The gentle fawn pillowed her head,
The maiden's loving spirit fled,
And the flower she pressed so bland,
Lay cold and withered in her hand.

The sorrowing winds softly sighed
Around that harp of ancient pride,
And swept its cords with sorrow laden,
O'er that true and plighted maiden.

TO ELLA.

I saw a violet
 Pillowed on a stream ;
I saw a wavelet
 Clasped by a sunbeam ;
I thought of thee, and said,
 Flower pillowed on the stream,
 Wavelet clasped by a sunbeam,
Ye are emblems of the maid.

MUSIC.

WHAT mind can form, or tongue express,
The spell of music on the heart?
What soul can boast of that excess
Which might delineate a part?

It lifts the mind from sordid earth,
And fills the heart with thoughts sublime ;
It gives to love its noblest birth,
In every rank and every clime.

It calms the last, the final hour,
And whispers angels plead above ;
It gilds e'en the humblest flower
With charms to win a lasting love!

It stills the babe on parent's knee,
And elates the son of labor ;

It bids the slave from bondage flee,
And sternly wield freedom's sabre.

Oh, Music ! theme of angels bright !
What unlimited power thine !
Thy voice, when gay, makes darkness light ;
When sad, robs heaven of its shine !

T O _____.

YES, thou art pledged to love but one,
Till thy sweet life's declining sun
Drops clouded or serenely bright
Into the grave's mysterious night,

While I must mourn and bear my part
Of hopes forlorn, and hush my heart
Whene'er it breathes a thought of thee,
Long dearly loved and lost to me!

THOUGHTS WHILE GAZING ON A LILY.

FAIR flower, I would you were an altar
For nuptials decked : thy fragrance, incense ;
And she, in bridal robes, to falter
In my glad soul a vow so intense,
That thou, oh, ancient jewel, sparkling
With thy pristine light, sweet evening star,
Would pause to hear, and then, rejoicing,
Bear the tidings to strange worlds afar !

DAYBREAK.

Now the nocturnal goddess, in dripping vest,
Quickly seeks her eavern'd couch ; her dusky trail
Yet lingering on the mountain's dewy breast,
Curls before the orient softening gale.

The gray queen now usurps the ruling power,
And marks with anxious eye the heralds in the east ;
Lo ! her cheek how pallid, as from yonder tower,
With purple gilt, gleams the victor's flashing crest !

'Tis dawn ! Aurora shakes to the balmy blast
Her golden curls, and waves her glistening hand ;
Her swift, proud, dappled steeds obedient haste
Along the amber crescent to her command.

Ye just ! what a scene of glorious splendor !
Wake, mortal, thou whose heart shields an artist's soul !

Dispel thy vision, murmur not how tender—

Haste! oh, hasten! and reach thy heart's cherished goal!

In the eastern sky behold yon world of sheen!

There a lake of blue, by mist-clad banks half bound,
With islands, a picturesque distance between,
And amber lights, and deep purple shades around!

Here, shaped like the infant moon, a golden strand,

Profusely kiss'd by silver-crested ripples,—
Observe its border, how magically planned,
With drifts resembling numerous pebbles!

Beyond, a sombre plain, stretching to the base

Of yonder mountain, crowned with blazing spires,
Which fling a maroon shadow across the space
Beneath its awe-inspiring sunlit fires!

Great heaven! how lovely must be thy features,

When thy veil displays such matchless sublimity!
What sacred joy must swell the souls of creatures
Permitted to gaze on thee for eternity!

Oh, frail pilgrim of the future—my deathless soul !

Cast off the shackles that fetter thee to earth,
And soar, with Hope, where brighter planets roll,
High above the miniature world of thy birth !

Shadows fade ! the lake of blue, the golden strand,
The mist-clad banks, the isles, the lights and shadows
bold,
The fire-crowned mountain, high towering and grand,
Are lost, sunk, and quenched in an ocean of gold !

Lo ! the God of Planets, o'er the yellow deep
Gazing on his daughter Earth with kindling eye !
Lo ! the mist upon her breast, just woke from sleep,
Rising like an incense vast to his throne, the sky !

Now all is clear ! the tinted clouds, sunny-faced,
And crimson streamers in gorgeous piles are furled ;
'Tis day ! brilliant as ever dawned in the east,
To wake to light and praise a slumbering world !

TO MARY.

You remember, when first we met,
The rose you gave in vernal bloom,
Alas ! now droops ; and I regret
Its fading leaves foretell its doom !

And as I mark its pale decay,
A sadness steals upon my heart,
To think and see all forms of clay
Resemble it in whole or part.

No more in its native bower,
The lover's eye will fondly rest,
To mark, at eve's declining hour,
The bright dew sparkling on its breast ;

Nor pause in meek admiration,
To trace in its simple nature

High heaven's sublime creation,
Christ's hand in its every feature.

Nor will its perfume scent the breeze,
To kiss and fan the dreamer's cheek ;
Nor soothe the troubled soul to ease,
When sorrow shrouds and hope is weak.

Ah, me ! 't is sad to contemplate,
That whatever we fondly cherish,
All, all must meet the common fate—
All things born of earth must perish !

TO A BELLE.

STAY thy steps, ah, giddy maiden !

Thou vain slave of modern taste !

Thou of folly heavy laden !

Thou of brow with jewels pressed !

Thou of mind an empty waste !

In thy path foam ruin's waters,

In torrents madly sweeping

Broken-hearted sons and daughters

To darkness never sleeping !

To night of endless weeping !

Pause ! for death is with thee ever !

He may claim thee even now ;

And his pulseless hand forever

Hush thy lip's exulting vow—

Fix thy proudly arching brow !

Lo ! thy sisters, rich in wisdom,
Journey on, with humble tread,
Through this transient, earthly kingdom,
To the vale of silence dread,
To the temple of the dead !

Follow thou their footsteps meekly,
Follow thou their precepts wise,
Follow thou with patience humbly,
Follow thou in sinless guise,
To our Father in Paradise.

TO A SLEEPING GIRL.

REST in calm, softly sleep!
Angels fond sweetly keep
Bright vigils o'er thy guileless slumber,
Gentle maiden!
Sweet, sweet may thy dreams be,
And may their visions be
All pleasing to thee,
Lovely sleeping, sweetly dreaming,
Gentle maiden!

And light as the ripple,
O'er thy snowy temple,
Of that fair braid of thy golden hair,
Gentle maiden!
Be thy destiny's strife,

Be thy sorrows through life,
Be thou maid or wife,
Lovely sleeping, sweetly dreaming,
Gentle maiden !

SONG.

COME, fair love, while the moon is high,
And hushed in sleep the tempest's chime;
My white-sailed bark awaits hard by,
To bear thee to my native clime.

The blue sea's calm as sleeping child,
Not a ripple is on its breast,
Save along the far rocky wild,
A breath lulls the sea-fowl to rest.

My cottage white, close by the beach,
Awaits its fair and blooming bride;
And glowing hearts still anxious watch
Our coming, o'er the dreaming tide.

And maidens twine the bridal crown
Of flowers, culled on Dora's crest,
To bind my Mary's locks so brown,
And greet her queen of all the guest.

IOLA,

THE BARD'S LAST SONG.

COME, dear harp of many a song,
In fond youth's unclouded summer;
Though shattered now, and silent long,
One sweep—then we hush forever;
'Tis for the lost in other days;
Softly, oh, my soul, breathe her praise!

Since last I heard her living voice,
Long years have fled on time's pinion,
And many gems of my heart's choice
Have sunk, for aye, in oblivion;
Yet still Iola's memory chaste,
Is an oasis in the waste!

Nor can the ruthless brow of time
Frown from out my soul her image;

Nor fortune fair, nor want, nor elime
 One sacred lineament pillage,
While this frail mould of breathing clay
Braves the fierce storm of life's affray.

And if there be, as I believe,
 A God in yonder blue expanse,
It ends not with the voiceless grave,
 Nor in that mysterious trance
Where spirits linger till the last
Sun sets, and earth and death are past.

Nor was she dear to me alone ;
 Oft have I seen around her tomb
Big tears fall fast—affection's own—
 From many hearts in sorrow's gloom,
Albeit on earth there was no heart
One dear kindred sob to impart.

She had no kindred from her birth ;
 'T was then her blue-eyed mother pressed
Her babe, for the last time on earth,
 To her fond heart, then sank to rest,

Just as an April tearful moon
Told on the dial night's solemn noon.

She was the last of a bold race,
Whose honest hearts throbbed for freedom,
And time loud echoing through space,
Shall shout their deeds in years to come,
When kingdoms shall tremble, and slaves
Lie shroudless in unhonored graves !

For souls yet in the womb of time
Shall fan to light their smould'ring fire,
And avenge on thrones red with crime,
Their bloody fall with sword of ire,
And wipe, upon the battle plain,
From freedom's brow, the reeking stain.

Iola's land shall yet be free !

Her silent harp shall sing once more !
Her banners float o'er land and sea !

Her people shout for evermore
"God and Freedom ! the shamrock green !"

Our mottoes fair—our hearts their screen !
11

Oh ! would that I could truly paint
Her image fixed within my heart,
Or could express, in language quaint,
Each winning grace, and guileless art,
And gentle word, and pleasing thought,
Which made a palace of her cot.

Oh ! she was fair in every plight ;
Her brow was like the maiden snow,
While descending in fleecy white,
From the vast ethereal bow,
E'er earth's brown lips doth rudely woo,
And kiss away its spotless hue.

Her eyes were like the friendly stars
That beam on earth when frowning Night
Sits on her sombre throne, and bars
Her portals against day's cheering light,
And no meek-eyed moon looks loving
On the mourner's path nor dwelling.

Her cheek outvied that glowing hue
Which softly paints the eastern sky,

When Aurora opes her eye of blue,
And flings her locks of golden dye
On the zephyr's balmy wing,
Which fans the brow of fragrant Spring.

Her lip, the ruby, with slight curl,
Incessantly, in playful wiles,
Displaying teeth, the purest pearl,
In an ocean of sunny smiles—
An ocean, when its waves sleep fast,
Glassing heaven's cerulean vast.

Her breath, the perfume flowers cast,
At dawn of summer's finest day,
On the amorous, sighing blast,
As it pursues its lambent way
Through wilds remote, where Nature dwells
Sole queen amid her floral dells.

Her voice, the softest melody,
At twilight's tranquil hour of peace,
Breathed in the sweetest symphony,
O'er the slumbering tide's waveless space ;

When mermaids tune the vocal shell,
All hushed the billow's sobbing swell.

Her hair, a flood of glossy ripples,
Black as the ebon wing of Night,
Flowed o'er her calm, classic temples,
And round a neck, the fairest sight
That ever lit the chaste desire
To wake the muse's sacred lyre.

Her form was graceful and refined
As e'er bedecked a child of clay,
And had all symmetry combined
Which artists linger to portray,
And the while feel their souls expand,
And inspiration nerve their hand.

Oh ! she was sinless as the dew
That spangles the emerald hills,
When gray dawn banks the heavens blue,
And morn pours forth in golden rills,
And amber clouds, with tresses white,
Hang blushing crimson in the light ;

Or as the waves, the spotless waves,
That laugh along the western deep,
When Sol stoops from his throne, and laves
His refulgent brow, as they leap,
To catch his farewell, burning kiss,
Then quiver with ecstasie bliss.

'Tis done! the last expiring note
Dies trembling on my joyless ear;
The vital tide ebbs, and remote
Melancholy, like shrouded bier,
Comes 'twixt my soul and joyous light!
Farewell, dear harp! again 't is night!

SONG OF THE WARRIOR BARD.

WHATEVER fate befalls thee,
Away, thy country calls thee !
And when her foes oppose thee,
Strike! strike for liberty!
When cannons boom the loudest,
And the smoke of battle shroudest
The flag of liberty—
Let thy bosom be her shield,
Thy battle-cry never yield,
While tyrants stand the field,
Opposing liberty!

When the dreadful strife is done,
And the merry booming gun
Tells a battle nobly won
For dearest liberty—

Should generous fate reserve
Thy heart's vital spark and nerve
 To feast of liberty—
Mothers will fondly bless thee,
And happy children kiss thee,
And maidens fair caress thee,
 The brave of liberty!

Or should thy voice still aiding,
While thy form prostrate bleeding,
And thy last bold look pleading
 The cause of liberty—
The deeds will live in story,
Thy name in fadeless glory,
 Still linked with liberty!
Whatever fate befalls thee,
Away, thy country calls thee!
And when her foes oppose thee,
 Strike! strike, for liberty!

THE PHANTOM.

DARKLY, darkly around my heart
Steals a shadow chill and drear,
When I see true friends depart,
With a sigh and swelling tear.

That loveless phantom, chill and drear
Is of death, with pulseless hand,
Pointing to a shrouded bier,
With his fatal striking wand.

Ah! then I weep for other years,
When my heart was blithe and free ;
Yet I smile oft through my tears,
On glad faces which I see,

Of the friends I loved in boyhood,
Now sleeping 'neath the willow,

Hard by a murmuring flood,
That wanders by their pillow.

Thus it is, when sorrow deepest
Wraps the soul in sable gloom,
We feel that joy the sweetest
Which arises from the tomb.

POTOMAC.

GOAL of the patriot pilgrim !

River of the free ! old Potomac ! noble stream !

No more thy waters reflect the red man's wigwam,

Nor gambol on thy genial shores his swarthy young,

Nor wakes his wild war-whoop the slumbering echoes

In thy solitudes.

Harsh time and a paler race .

Have changed the gorgeous wildness of thy scenery,

And robbed thy ancient banks of their majestic

Forests, to lean upon thy venerable heart,

And cleave thy yielding bosom with their giant limbs,

And erect marvelous and fantastic mansions,

High as their towering pride !

Yet there remains

Of novelty and awful grandeur sufficient

To satisfy the eye of genius, and entrance
The soul of Nature's lover.

But these are needless :
Thy renown will slumber when yonder flashing sun
Casts his expiring look upon the fainting dust
Where trembles the last lone soul of man !

Thou hast borne
Upon thy breast Freedom's grave and mightiest Chief,
And sweep'st in solemn grandeur by his honored tomb !

SOFT WEATHER.

OH ! I'm weary, very weary,
Of this weather, wet and dreary,
Hanging on !

Rain, sloppy rain, day and night ;
For a fortnight near, or quite,
We have plodded without light
Of the sun !

Should you travel along the street,
Everybody you chance to meet
Has the pouts !
For it is splash ! splash ! in mud ;
And again a dirty flood
Finds the crevice that ain't good
In your boots !

In that warehouse across the way,
(Which is placarded, by the way,
“Selling out !”)

Stands the merchant, with his nose
'Gainst the pane, in pale repose,
On the gutter as it flows,
Looking out !

Now his lips are busy moving,
And I know that they are saying
“Awful times !”

While he reckons loss and gain,
With a nervous twitch and strain,
On the links within his chain,
As if dimes !

Now he is pacing to and fro,
And sets his finger, with a blow,
On his nose,
As he reads, with eyes askew,
A queer-looking billet-doux ;—
There's a note to-morrow due,
I'd suppose !

Oh ! he's tired, very tired,
Of this weather, all bemired,
Hanging out !
For there's "nary" thing doing ;
Everybody seems rueing,
Whether up or down going—
In or out !

Lo ! here comes sweet Arabella,
Beneath a blue silk umbrella,
Dripping wet !
I can not behold her face ;
Still I know her by her pace,
And that dainty frill of lace,
And her feet !

Ah, the Ladies !—bless their gizzards !—
With the cunning of old wizards,
Take such pains,
With hoops and other fixings,
Round the middle of their stockings,
At puddles and at crossings,
When it rains !

Ah, me ! that shy and winning grace,
And that dear flush upon their face,

Like a light !

When the men—wicked sinners !—

With eye of wary gunners,

Ofttimes neglect their dinners,

Taking sight !

Oh ! I'm weary, very weary,

Of this weather, wet and dreary,

Hanging on !

For there's nothing in the news ;

And I'm quaking in my shoes

With a fit of queerest "blues,"

Looking on !

THE JILTED LOVER.

WELL ! by the right, 't is passing odd
How women act when they are sure
That man forgets to love his God,
Endeavoring theirs to procure !

'Tis but a summer's day since last
Yon moon beheld a girl recline
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
As if her heart were wholly mine !

And now she lists with anxious ear
Unto the love another speaks,
Nor heaves a sigh, nor drops a tear
For him whose faithful heart she breaks !

Ye high suspended stars, that hold
A brilliant and unchanging course,
And thou, most constant moon, behold
The wreck of love's unmerited curse !

TO A COQUETTE.

AN, girl! why vainly trifle thus?
Why use thy beauty as a curse?
Why exult in its fatal spell?
'T will make thy breast a future hell!

When thine eye lacks much its fire,
When thy smile begins to tire,
When the rose deserts thy cheek,
And the lily forsakes thy neck;

When thy brow has less command,
When thy language is less bland,
When thy form lacks its symmetry,
And thy charms seek obscurity;

When thy motion lacks its grace,
When thy step forgets its pace,

When the spell of youth is o'er,
And thy voice is sweet no more;

When thy hand is never sought,
When thy name is seldom thought,
When thy form needs assistance,
And suitors stand at distance ;

When companions of thy youth,
Maidens full of love and truth,
Live a life of tranquil bliss
'Neath a husband's daily kiss;

When no husband's kiss is thine,
When no arms around thee twine,
When thy bosom's cold and void,
And thy heart begins to chide ;

When the lovers who now sigh
For a glance of thy bright eye,
Point you out to their compeers
As the belle of other years ;

When their sly and meaning sneer
Greets your melancholy ear,
And their fond and steady gaze
Speaks another maiden's praise;

Ah! then you will rue the day
When you deemed it pleasant play
To win and crush noble hearts
With your vile coquettish arts!

A T A N C H O R .

I.

HARK ! the winds, with sullen whiff,
Whistle by fits a solemn dirge
Around yon gaunt and shelving cliff,
Where the red pharos winks and flares,
The red pharos blinks and glares,
And now and then fiercely stares,
Out on the billows' toppling verge !

II.

Hark ! the harsh, discordant screech
Of the curlew among yon crags
Which skirt the bleak and barren beach,
Where the gulls for food immerge

In the lazy, lagging surge
That sobs and sucks in each gorge,
And on the shelly strand rakes and drags.

III.

Lo ! where the moonlight shaft reclines
Upon the fretful, shifting swell,
Which moans anon and hoarsely whines,
And again, in wild disport,
Climbs the wall of yonder fort,
And licks the lip of yawning port,
Where red-throttled cannon belch and smell.

IV.

That is our earthly heaven !
'Tis there our living hopes do dwell !
But when these ties are riven,
And we launch in mystery,
On the future's hidden sea,
From whose tide we cannot flee !
Where its port, or its shore ? who can tell ?

MEMORY.

IN twilight hours of mournful thought,
When hope seems in the darksome tomb,
And hapless throbs the aching heart

O'er joys long fled

With the dead ;

Then memory lights the dreary gloom,
With some ray of former gladness,
Which shone in hours void of sadness,
In the happy time long past,
Too dearly cherished to last !

We hear again the tones oft heard
In the far distanced dream of youth,
And see again the lips we loved
Smile sweet once more,
As of yore,
As memory lifts the veil of truth,

With mild and love-compelling hand,
And strikes the urn with magic wand,
Where rest those treasured flowers,
Culled through life in happy hours !

Ah ! who would ask oblivion's waves
To drown the sorrow-laden past,
If with the tears we'd lose those smiles
Which light the gloom
Of this tomb !
'T were woful gaining Lethe's vast,
If from its dim, abyssmal wave
We were all powerless to save
Those gems long loved and dearly
In the casket of memory !

I KNEW HER WELL WHEN BUT A CHILD.

I knew her well when but a child,
With laughing eye, a heaven blue,
And ruby lip that ever smiled,
And rippling hair of bonny hue.

'Tis past ; for now she strives to check
The big, bright, trembling tear
From rolling down her troubled cheek,
While inquisitive eyes are near.

When o'er her brow with anguish fraught
There steals that melancholy mood,
Which holds her long in silent thought,
As if enchanted where she stood.

Yet through her tears her eye is bright,
And has a magic in its glance ;

For in its depth there dwells a light,
Fixed as yonder blue expanse.

That light is love ; and he, for whom
She has lived and loved for years,
Is wedded now ; ah, fatal doom !
Must her true heart expire in tears ?

THINK OF ME.

THINK of me in thy waking hour,
When the day-star fades, and morning's ray
Lights the streamlet, herb, and flower,
And in the noontide flush of day!

Think of me when the pale eve light
Silvers the dew-drop, leaf, and tree,
And when the shades of pensive night
Rest on the hill-side, vale, and lea!

Think of me when serene repose
Infolds thy form in fond embrace,
And dreams are thine, and they disclose
Visions of hope, and love, and peace!

Think of me should thy will or chance
Lead thee in thine own land to stray,

Or journey long o'er seas, perchance
To stranger climes far, far away !

Think of me whatsoe'er thy lot,
Wheresoever thy dwelling be,
In tinselled hall, in humble cot,
Or pillowed on the lonely sea !

Oh, think of me in every hour,
When thy heartfelt thoughts are given
In prayer to Him, the living Power,
Our "Father who art in Heaven !"

THE LINK THAT BINDS.

WHERE the far-famed Potomac's noble tide
Silently sweepeth in its ancient pride
Along Old Dominion's prolific verge,
Ere while it meets, far down the briny surge
Of ocean's ruffled front,

There is a grave,
A modest grave, where Vernon's willows wave ;—
Thither the Northern sons are wont to wind
Their eager steps, with grateful hearts, to blend
With Southern sons their voice in praise, and shed
Commingling tears o'er the faultless dead.
There discord ends ; there North and South are one ;
The link that binds : the ashes of their WASHINGTON.

A RHYME,

ADDRESSED TO A DANDY, WHILE HE WAS DRESSING FOR A PARTY.

A-HEM ! if I remember right,
You said that "hop" comes off to-night
At Madame Pug's—that dame so trite
With notions high—yea, not a mite
Beneath the range of Franklin's kite,
That bottled the electric light
Which gave to science such insight
As startled knowledge with affright !
Her niece is fair, so gossips cite,
And some do say (perhaps through spite)
That you behold her with delight ;
And when the dancers take respite,
You shuffle her clean out of sight,

In some dark nook where comes no light,
And hug her, faith, with all your might !
You go? "Well, yes !" Ah, that is right !
Come, rig thyself, and take thy flight,
In Shanghai coat, and pants as tight
As ever spad, in vainest plight,
Encased his pins on gala night !
And for the lack of woman's right—
A dainty bag of lily-white
To dust thy brow—just take and smite
It well with flour-bag, or indite
Thy will, or thine own shadow fight ;
Or think on headless ghosts, to fright
Thy tawny cheek, and make it white
As goblin lank at pale midnight,
Gallanting round a graveyard site,
Locked arm-in-arm with fairer sprite !
For, now-a-days, 'tis impolite,
And most vulgar, for any wight
To look robust, or speak or write
Of good, substantial food, or bite
Hog meat or sheep, for fear they might

Give his person a shade not quite
What passes current in the elite—
Which would, perhaps, incur a slight,
I' faith, and veto, too, outright
To their assemblies an invite
To shake a foot with lady bright,
And feast a squeamish appetite !

T O ———.

WHEN by love thy dark eyes lighted,
Turn their glowing look upon me;
How I gaze in them delighted!
How my heart is drawn towards thee!

When with fitful blushes burning,
Thy soft cheek I fondly kiss;
And thy lips the pledge returning,
Fills my heart with love's excess!

When with loving arms I clasp thee
Fondly to my throbbing breast,
With what sweet delight I press thee—
Lost in joy too great to last!

THE TWO BRIDES.

'T WAS eve, a quiet eve, and clear, far in
The red man's summer. In the far southwest
Some drowsy cloudlets, like weary children,
Lolled on the skirts of parting light. The sun,
Low on the western rim, a parting look
Threw back; and 'neath the love-light of his gaze,
Old Terra's hills immense, her pausing seas,
And listening forests, blushed!

That hour, within
God's house, two brides before the altar stood :
One as the lily fair ; and drooping her blue
Eyes, veiled 'neath their sunny fringe, she breathed her
Vows, and from her parted lips did music
Flow—music like that oft heard in silent
Vale when April weeps, and her warm tears swell
The sweet melody of timid streamlets—
While on her tender cheek a crimson flush

Would gleam or wane, and the rose—the sweet moss
Rose—soft pillowed on the white swell of her
Bosom fond, would tremble, just as the tide
Of feeling did flow or ebb. The young fawn's
Heart was full of love!

The aged pastor
Smiled. His hand then laying softly upon
Her head, and lifting high his saintly brow
To heaven, he spake: "'Tis well, my child, 'tis well!"

The other stood as stands the sculptured stone,
A presence cold, with calm and lofty brow
Upraised, and pride sat in her midnight eye
And on her red lip's curl. She gave response;
But her voice had a strange cadence, all foreign
To the soul, and her words, coldly uttered,
On the listening ear expired, in the heart
No echo awaking! 'Twas conscience crushed
And honor bartered for a golden cage!
The aged pastor sighed, then bending low
His saintly brow, his locks long streaming shook,
And by their dumb language spake, "'Tis ill! 't is ill!"

S E R E N A D E .

WAKE, love, wake! the night wind's sighing,
The young moon looks lovely and bright;
The stars with bright eyes are gazing
On the beautiful face of night!

List, love, list! the nightingale sings,
And the rose droops with pearly dew;
The zephyr sweet odor brings
From flowers of many a hue!

List, love, list! in this hour of love,
To his voice that is ever true,
True as yonder stars are above—
My love is eternal for you!

Then, dear one, give some token,
Or a tone of thy voice, to cheer
My throbbing heart that has spoken
The love it has cherished so dear!

ANNIE OF WASHINGTON.

I have been some time past straying
Through the great in former times ;
I have seen the queen-like seeming
Of the maids in other climes ;
But a fairer girl, believe me,
Mine eyes have never seen,
In those lands of ancient splendor
That boast of beauty's queen,
Than thee, my lovely Annie,
My bonnie blue-eyed one !
In this world you have no equal,
Bonnie Annie of Washington !

Thy calm brow excels in whiteness
The lily's spotless hue ;
And thine eye of clearest brightness,
Chaste heaven's deepest blue.

Sweeter than the thrilling music
Of streamlet's wild, soft glees,
Or the song of harps at distance,
Soft borne upon the breeze,
Is thy voice, my fairest Annie,
My bonnie blue-eyed one !
And thy smile is that of heaven,
Bonnie Annie of Washington !

TO ———.

Oh ! that you could once believe me,
Once my heart's deep feelings view !
There is none more fond, believe me,
There is none with love more true !

How imperfect is expression
My emotions to impart !
Language cannot make confession
Of the feelings in my heart !

Mark my brow, how pale—I languish
In cold silence and despair ;
Look in my eyes, and read the anguish
Thou hast caused to linger there !

Now my bosom, all aglowing
With what rapture who may tell ?

When thou'rt kindly on me gazing,
With those eyes I love so well!

How my heart, tumultuous throbbing,
Responds to thee with each pulse,
As I gaze on thee, still loving
With a deep and fond impulse!

LINES.

THERE is a love of noble birth,
For affections have distinction,
As well as other sweets of earth,
That saints and angels sanction.

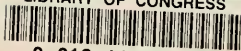
'T is a jewel of worth untold,
In the sacred soul deep hidden ;
And when all clay in death lies cold,
'T will live eternal in heaven.

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